Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

AUNT CINDY'S RECIPE.

The Old Cook Teaches a Girl Visitor How to Make Sweet Potato Pie.

A Washington girl was recently visiting in Linchburg, Va., and while there was greatly impressed with the perfections of the sweet potato pies that old Aunt Cindy, the cook, used to send up for the delectation of the company. Such richness, such sweetness, such flakiness of crust, such delicate and delicious blending of flavors were never before attained by mortal hand. So, armed with pencil and notebook, in true cooking school style, and fortified by permission of her hostess, she ventured into the kitchen to learn the sweet secret.

"Come in, honey, come in, an' make yo'se'f welcome," said Aunt Cindy, affably, when her visitor modestly presented herself at the kitchen door. It is needless to say that Aunt Cindy was a relic of antebellum days, and valued accordingly.

"I want to get your recipe for sweet potato pies, auntie," seating herself on the chair Aunt Cindy had hospitably wiped with her apron.

"Law, chile, I des cooks out o' my haid; I don't go by no writin'," replied the old woman.

"Certainly, but your proportions must always be the same or your results would vary." The Washington girl was a cooking school graduate with "one cup" of this, "two cups" of that and "three cups" of the other fresh in her mind. "Let's begin with the eggs," she continued, observing the old woman's puzzled face. "How many eggs do you use?"

"Well, yo' know how aigs is, honey," replied Aunt Cindy, judicially; "some's big an' some's little; sometimes dey's skeerce, an' sometimes dey ain't. I des puts in de aigs 'cordin' to de size ob 'em an' how many I'se got."

"How many sweet potatoes do you use?" asked her questioner, somewhat bewildered.

"Dat's 'cordin' to de size ob de famb'ly, ob co'se," said the old woman. "When we all got company, as we mos' in ginerally has, I uses mo', an' when dey ain't nobody but des we all, hit don't take so many."

"How much butter?"

"Right smart o' butter," responded Aunt Cindy, emphatically, evidently thinking she was accurate at last. "Ain't nothin' good widout butter, an' I always puts in er plenty."

"How about sugar?" questioned the young woman.

"Sugar to tas', honey; sugar to tas'. Some folks likes 'em sweeter'n others; we all likes ourn tolerbul sweet."

"What else do you put in?" was asked before the book was closed in despair.

"Oh, des whutever's handy," answered the old woman. "Sometimes I puts in er little cream, but yo' don't haf to do dat; des 'cordin' to wedder you's got any er not; an' er pinch o' spice an' er few draps o' pernilla an' er dash o' brandy, ef Miss Jinnie's got any settin' around. De brandy's de bes', but dey ain't no spechul rule 'bout seasonin'."

"I am very much obliged to you aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "'Pears like folks dese days can't understan' nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing. "Fo' de war, when I wuz er chile—" But as Aunt Cindy turned toward the stove, says the Washington Star, her reminiscences were lost in a cloud of fragrant steam that arose from a saucepan where "right smart o' butter" and "sugar to tas'" were bubbling in toothsome harmony.

MISPLACED PHILANTHROPY.

An Instance of Mistaken Kindness That Taught a Young Woman a Lesson.

A kind-hearted East side young woman who has some rather Quixotic notions had an experience the other evening that her intimate friends are still smiling about, reports the Milwaukee Sentinel. One of her pet theories is that it is a young woman's duty to give up her seat in a street car to any elderly man who appears to be fatigued, particularly if he is a workingman.

About six o'clock one evening she boarded an Oakland avenue car after a hard afternoon's shopping and had hardly got comfortably seated in the last vacant seat when an old, slovenly-looking chap, with Hibernian earmarks, shambled aboard. His appearance was so unprepossessing that the young woman had about decided to abstain from putting her pet theory into practice when she noticed that he carried a tin dinner pail. With a mental sigh, she spurred herself on to do her duty, and, rising, offered the ancient individual her seat, smiling benignantly as she did so. He seemed unable to comprehend the meaning at first, but finally settled into the seat which she had abandoned with a puzzled expression on his weather-beaten countenance, while she hung on a strap.

When she went out on the car platform to get off at Belleview place the old codger, whom she had noticed eyeing her in a queer way during the trip, remarked to the conductor, with evident satisfaction and in a distinctly audible tone:

"Arrah, me boy, the ould man ain't out of the running yet. Did ye see the mash I made on that purty little gal?"

Since then the young woman has been less demonstrative than usual in her expressions of sympathy for the oppressed laboring man.

After the Dinner.

Host—Mr. Tenorwell, won't you favor us with a song?

Tenorwell—Sorry, Mr. Shouter, but I never can sing after a hearty meal. I'm like a mosquito; I do my singing before eating.—Boston Transcript.

Between The Old Year And the New

ALONE—alone at the midnight hour sitting, my soul and I,
Harking sound of the wind's complaint, listing the time go by,
Fronting each to the other's thought, with the moon's face, sweet and thin,
A-watch at the space of the window place, waiting the year begin—
Waiting us usher the Old Year out and welcome the New Year in.

Heavy my soul with grief and pain—heavy, and bowed with tears,
Worn with the weight of Sorrow's hand, not with the weight of years;
And 'twixt us many a thing of woe, many a thought of sin,
While the moon outside, like a pure-eyed bride, was waiting the year begin—
Waiting us usher the Old Year out and welcome the New Year in.

My soul it spoke in the stilly dark—spoke, and I shrank and heard,
The chords of my being pulsed and leaped, affrighted like captive bird;
I heard, and I knew that such words were true—while the new moon, sweet and thin,
With sad surprise in her tender eyes was waiting the year begin—
Waiting us usher the Old Year out and welcome the New Year in.

And I plead with my soul: "Judge not—judge not!" and I prayed: "New Year, bring grace."
I fell on my knees in the hush and dark—I wept and hid my face;
For out of the finite bounds of Time, from the realms of "the might have been,"
To sepulcher of the infinite past bearing mistakes and sin,
The Old Year stole as the church bells chimed—and the New Year entered in.
—Mary Clarke Huntington, in Good Housekeeping.

ANNIE'S CURL.

A NEW YEAR STORY.

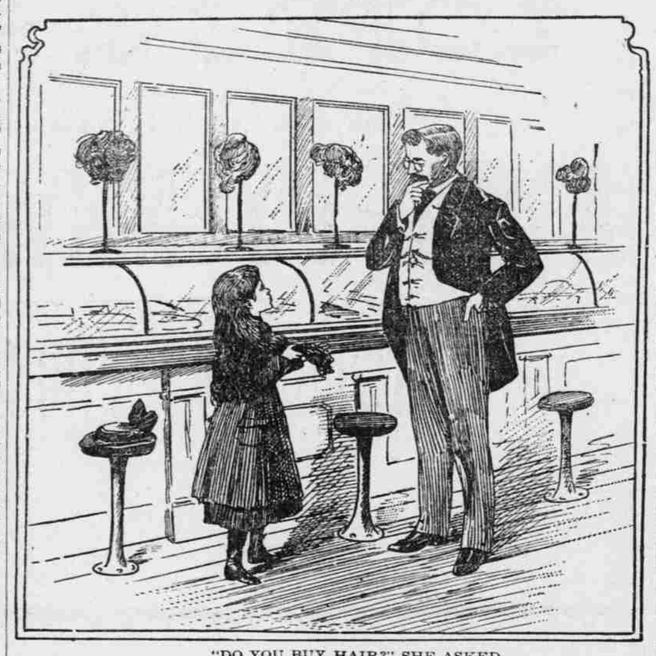
BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF.

OH, if my darling could only have the wine! How hard it is to be so poor, so poor."

Annie heard her mother's words, although they were not intended for her to hear. She saw her brush away the tears from her eyes and then go back to Teddy's room.

"What did the doctor say, mother?" asked Teddy, in a weak voice; "did he say I will get well?"

Annie heard the reply: "He says that the fever is broken, and that all you have to do now is to get well."



"DO YOU BUY HAIR?" SHE ASKED.

Teddy's voice trembled as he replied: "Oh, mother, I was afraid he would say I might die, and I wondered who would take care of you and little Annie. I am glad God is going to let me live to do it. Now I must begin to get strong! Can't you give me lots to eat?"

Annie saw her mother's lips quiver as she turned her face from Teddy.

"Yes, my son, but not too much at once, you know," she said.

Teddy looked very thoughtful.

"But is there anything in the house, mother? I have been sick a good while, and my last wages must be nearly gone, and you haven't had time to color many photos lately, have you?"

The boy's mother answered, bravely: "Sick folks mustn't bother about these things, you know." Then she left the room, and Annie saw that she did so to hide the tears which were streaming down her worn face.

"I must do something; I wonder what it will be?" murmured Annie to herself, and, crushing her hat down over her curls, she slipped into the street.

Annie thought constantly of wine for poor Teddy, and wondered if she summoned courage to beg a bottle whether anyone would be kind enough to give it to her for a poor sick boy, her only brother. She knew that sometimes grocers kept wine, especially around holiday time, and felt sure if they only knew how very, very much it was needed at home by her poor sick Teddy that some one of them would surely give her a bottle. Then there were other places where they sold nothing but wine and such stuff, for she had seen big windows full of the bottles, with pictures of great bunches of beautiful grapes standing behind them.

Annie wasn't a bold, forward child; she was timid, but brave and resolute; her love for her brother, at least, made her brave for the time; so she resolved in her heart to beg for the wine which the doctor said would bring back strength to Teddy. Christmas had come and gone, but Teddy was so ill with the fever that Annie thought nothing about the absence of the gifts usual to that happy day; but now Teddy was to grow better, and she did long to be able to make his New Year's and her mother's brighter than Christmas had been. As she wandered down the streets revolving these thoughts in her mind and wondering how she might get the necessary wine she passed many a gay scene.

Early evening had closed down on the city, and all the shops were aflame with light and brightness. Annie gazed wistfully at the pretty things in the great windows; she was but a little maid, and could not help wishing for pretty things for herself and for her mother and Teddy.

But the wine—she must not linger; she would only look in one more shop and then—then she would seek the great shop where wine was sold in bottles; surely the big, rosy-faced man whom she had often noticed standing in the doorway of his shop would listen to her story of poor Teddy and give her the wine.

So she stood before this last store—it was a jewelry store—and, oh, how beautiful the jewels looked—sapphires and rubies and diamonds—how they glittered. The sight was enough to fascinate older eyes than Annie's.

Presently something in one corner of the window caught her gaze—it wasn't a jewel, it was a switch of lovely hair; not one, but several, and below them in pretty, shallow, satin-lined boxes, were clusters of curls. A sudden thought came to Annie; she pressed her little hands together and held her breath, then paused a moment to gain courage, and passed resolutely into the great store. A kind-looking man came forward to meet her and said: "What can I do for you, little lady?"

"Do you buy hair?" she asked.

"Sometimes, little one; why do you ask?"

"Will you buy mine? See, I have plenty!" she answered, taking off her hat and shaking her curls down over her shoulders, and looking up with anxious eyes.

"But, my little girl, are your curls yours to sell?"

"Oh, yes, sir; if you only knew why I must sell them, I am sure you would buy them. Teddy is so ill that he needs things, and mother—" and here she choked up so she could say no more.

"And you want to sell your beautiful hair to buy things for your sick brother; is that it, little one?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wouldn't take it, but—"

"Please don't refuse me, sir; my hair will grow in again; it grows awful fast; see, it is below my waist!"

"It is beautiful, a very rare color, and so curly," said the man, stroking the rippling mass of shining hair.

"Mother's is just like mine, only it is a little fady here and there. You will take my hair, won't you? Please do; it will surely grow again, and my brother needs things so very, very much; the doctor says so!"

The man led her into a back room and himself cut the glossy locks, laying each curl carefully down. Then he called a man who wore a white apron and gave the little shorn head into his charge.

"I believe that you are prettier than before," the kind man said, when the hairdresser had finished. Then he laid a little roll of bills in the child's hand and bade her be careful not to lose it on her way home.

Annie hurried home. When she arrived mother was reading to Teddy, and Annie crept in like a little mouse. She removed her hat carefully, so as not to spoil the hairdresser's work, then dropped the bills in her mother's lap, with a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, mamma!"

"Oh!" screamed Teddy.

"Oh!" screamed mother, as they both saw and knew all.

"How could you, Annie?" they both cried at once; but the child looked as pretty as ever.

"How came you to think of it, my poor baby?" asked the mother.

"It's for wine—wine is better than curls any day," answered Annie; then, turning to Teddy, she hugged him in joy and said, softly: "Get well, Teddy, and pay me back some day!"

Then she told how it all happened, and how she was going in a couple of days to see her curls in their pretty satin-lined case. After they had both kissed her and thanked her over and over again she crept away.

"I'm glad I did it; but how lonesome my pretty curls will be!" said the child.

But the curls were not at all lonesome. The kind man was looking at them when one of the boys showed a gentleman in. The visitor was a big man and he had gentle eyes, though his face was somewhat rough to look at.

"I'm quite out of heart, Alfred; I can get no clew; but what's that you have there? Pretty, aren't they?"

"Yes, beautiful!"

Then the kind man told all about the little girl who sold the curls to him, so she could have money to buy things for the sick brother.

"Alfred, this hair is just the color of Ellie's; could it be? Could it be Ellie's child's hair?"

"She's coming here day after to-morrow to see her curls in their satin-lined box; then if you will be here you can find out who she is," answered the jeweler.

Sure enough, Annie came to see her curls as they looked ready for sale; she wanted to see the box. While she was admiring it and telling about Teddy, and how the wine was doing him good, the stranger with the gentle eyes arrived. He talked to the little girl for awhile, then surprised the jeweler and little Annie by bursting into tears.

"They've told you about Uncle Luke, haven't they?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, often," replied Annie. "He is in Australia, where the bark falls off the trees and the leaves stay on, and where the birds have no wings, and everything is so queer!"

"But what if he came home?"

"Oh, he won't," she said; "mother has lost him completely."

"But he has come home. I am he."

Then there was what Annie called "a time."

That was how it happened that just as the doctor was praising Teddy's patience, and saying how the wine had helped him, there was a great flutter in the hall, and Annie bounced in, dragging a big man with kind eyes in a rough face by the hand.

"My curls found him. It is Uncle Luke, mother, and he has money enough to buy my curls back two or three times. I know, because he said so."

And then there was much more of "a time." And the doctor held Teddy's hand while Uncle Luke told about his long search for his sister, and mother explained about father's death and her removal to the city, and how she lost Uncle Luke's address and could not get a letter to reach him. Then they talked about Annie's curls, and the doctor blew his nose furiously and dug at his eyes, and Annie heard him say:

"Old idiot that I am! I guess I'll try to see about a way of getting wine when I prescribe it again for a boy whose mother has that frightened look in her eyes."

Annie tucked her little shorn head under the doctor's arm and whispered: "But you see how it was best, don't you? My curls found so much for us—they brought us an uncle. Just look at mother; don't she look happy? Isn't a good uncle the best New Year's present in all this world?"

Wine is a good medicine when one needs it, and Teddy improved rapidly—so rapidly that he was almost ready to try the new sled that Uncle Luke brought home to him on New Year's eve. As for Teddy's mother, the roses began to tint her cheeks again, and Annie was sure she was the prettiest and best mother in all the world.—Ladies' World, New York.

The Sweetest of All.

Something of the poetry of the home appears in a little story told by the Philadelphia Times:

As soon as it was announced that Mr. Alexander Simpson had been elected to the office of president of the Philadelphia Bar association, his lawyer friends went to his house and offered him their congratulations.

Mr. Simpson's small son was in the room, and for several minutes he watched the scene with round eyes. Then he made his way through the crowd until he reached his father's side.

A gentleman had just said: "I congratulate you, Mr. Simpson," when the newly-elected president felt a tug at his coat tails. Looking down, he saw his son.

"Well, what is it, my boy?" he asked.

"I love you, papa!" piped a tiny voice, in reply.

Overcome with feeling, the father lifted up his son and kissed him, then set him down. As the little fellow trotted off the men nearest Mr. Simpson extended their hands in silence. Conventional congratulations somehow seemed out of place.

A Good Resolution.

One of the best New Year's resolutions we have heard of anybody making is this: "Not to speak of mistakes which make no difference." How often the harmony of the home is destroyed by the persistent member of the household who will argue half an hour over the merest trifle. If one holds an erroneous opinion on a subject of any importance it should by all means be corrected. But what possible difference does it make whether Aunt Jane came to dinner on Tuesday or Wednesday? Yet we have listened to heated disputes that cast an ugly shadow over on entire meal, or spoiled an evening's enjoyment, upon subjects of no more moment than the time of a visit or the state of last week's weather. In dealing with children accuracy of statement should be carefully cultivated, lest a habit of exaggeration or untruthfulness be developed. But for adults the foregoing resolution is worthy of general adoption.—Helpful Thoughts.

THE "PHONE" WAS THE CAUSE OF IT

"Not for me!" I wouldn't swear off;
"Good resolutions"—I have no desire;
For it would be folly for any sane man
As long as he uses the wire.

Would Postpone No Longer.

Jones—Why haven't you been around? You've been promising to call for more than a year. Come, now, say when you will come.

Johnson—Fact is, I'm so busy that I can't say when.

Jones—Nonsense! By the way, my daughter is going to take piano lessons; going to begin next week.

Johnson—I'll call to-night.—Boston Transcript.

PITH AND POINT.

All Surprised.—Bessie—"I was surprised when Mr. Dashleigh asked me to marry him." Tessie—"Everybody else was."—Ohio State Journal.

A man has no more show in an argument when his wife and daughters are against him than a deaf man has at the telephone.—Atchison Globe.

The average man is always anxious to know the worst of his neighbor—probably because of the fact that misery loves company.—Chicago Daily News.

"Could you do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?'" asked the manager of a seedy actor. "Well, I should think I might; I have done a good many landlords."—London Tit-Bits.

Often Been Executed.—"What's that the band just played?" "The 'Dead March.'" "Oh, I see. Was it any livelier before they murdered it?"—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

She—"Do you think my husband is progressive?" He—"I should say so! I saw him nodding in church to-day." "What's that got to do with his being progressive?" "Why, he was moving a head, wasn't he?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Warning to Girls.—A young woman at Garden City jerked her head back to keep from being kissed, and broke her neck. She did not get kissed, either. It is a terrible warning to the girls not to jerk.—Hutchinson (Kan.) News.

A Stupid Traveler.—Gibson—"How stupid some folks are!" Hudson—"For instance?" Gibson—"I was sitting in the car last evening, and a man came along and asked: 'Is this seat taken?' And it was full of my bundles. The fellow must have been blind."—Boston Transcript.

WRITERS' MANUSCRIPT.

Legal Questions Which Enter Into the Relations of Editor and Contributor.

When the young literary peddler begins to hawk his wares round the magazines and periodicals, the first thing that troubles him is the difficulty of preserving his manuscripts. Nowadays nearly all the magazines print notices, stating the conditions on which they will receive unsolicited contributions, and all contributors are absolutely bound by such conditions. In the absence of such a notice, however, says the Albany Law Journal, there is no obligation on editors to preserve contributions that have been sent unasked, and when such contributions are lost, even through the carelessness of the recipients, the law does not hold them liable. Some years ago an action was brought against the late Augustus Harris to recover the manuscript of a play that had been sent uninvited to the great manager and had been mislaid. The judge held that, as the author had chosen voluntarily to send the play, no duty of any kind was cast on Sir Augustus with regard to it. This statement of the law probably went a little too far, but the result of the action would have been the same unless the author had been able to prove positively that the loss occurred through willful negligence as distinguished from mere carelessness.

It is not the practice in general of magazine editors to alter or curtail the contributions that have been accepted by them. If an article is worth accepting at all it is accepted as it stands, and if the editor sees that he could make us of it in any other form he suggests the changes and lets the author make them himself. But sometimes it is found necessary in editorial offices to touch up or tone down, to expand or curtail, articles that have already been accepted, and then the interesting question arises: How far is such a practice permissible? Robert Barr's story, "The Mutable Many," first appeared as a serial in Tit-Bits under the title "At War with His Workers"—a title to which, it is said, the author of the story strongly objected. If he had been so minded, could he have restrained the publication of the story under any title but his own? When Mr. Kipling wrote "The Light That Failed" for an American firm of publishers, an objection was taken to the somber ending of the story, and the author was obliged to write a more cheerful conclusion to suit American tastes. Supposing, however, that he had refused to do so, would the publishers have been entitled to commission another writer to alter the story in the way desired? These questions belong to the limitless region of unsolved legal problems, but the rule of law, in so far as it exists, may be taken to be as follows: In the case of signed articles, any alteration, curtailment or addition which may have the effect of injuring the credit or literary reputation of the author is not permissible, and can be prevented. But when the name of the author does not appear, as in the case of newspaper leaders and the like, the right of the editor to use the blue pencil seems to be unlimited.

Native Superstition.

A curious story is told of native superstition in New Guinea which is causing the sacrifice of innumerable lives. It seems that whooping-cough was introduced by two white children and spread with frightful rapidity. It first swept the coasts and then ravaged the interior. As the natives hold that death from whatever cause is always compassed by an unknown enemy only discoverable through witchcraft, whenever a village is attacked with whooping-cough a sorcerer is consulted. The latter invariably designates another village or tribe as the culprit, and a midnight massacre of innocent persons follows.—N. Y. World.

Easily Explained.

"I wonder why the baby cries so much," said the young mother.

"That's easy," answered the bachelor uncle.

"Why is it?" demanded the mother

"Because it is a baby," replied the uncle.—Chicago Post.

Easy to Become Popular.

It is not hard to become popular; a certain Atchison woman is popular because she takes all the kittens her neighbors want to get rid of.—Atchison Globe.

CONSTITUTION VIOLATED.

The Republican Way of Obtaining Revenue to Pay for a White Elephant.

A more bitter illustration may never be brought home to the American people of the criminal folly of the present pursuit of foreign possessions than is furnished in the provisions of the Payne Philippine tariff bill and through the need of its enactment.

The majority report on the subject makes the case appear even worse than it is, since not a solitary argument is advanced which can even palliate the conditions which render such an enactment possible or necessary, says the Boston Globe.

What does the majority report urge on the country? In a word, it says that because the supreme court decides that the Philippines are domestic territory, and because it is necessary to build schools and attend to other internal requirements of the islands, it has become also necessary in effect to suspend the constitution of the United States, much after the fashion in which we suspend the writ of habeas corpus when conditions of war or public turmoil demand.

But is there no other way in which the expenses of this far-off territorial white elephant could be provided for? Is it not possible to govern this political monstrosity without suspending the constitution, without repealing the navigation laws designed for the protection of our domestic shipping, or without engaging in the collection of tariff duties the proceeds of which are to be otherwise disposed of than by being turned into the United States treasury? How long are we to make the internal revenue taxes apply only to a part of the manufactured products, to all of which the constitution designs they shall be applied when they are levied at all?

If the American people are not soon disgusted with the state of affairs which is here revealed they are indeed an adventurous and a patient people, who are willing, in the language of Franklin, to pay a pretty penny politically and financially for the colonial whistle.

Why do the imperialists not fall back on the constitution? Why do they persist in going from bad to worse, when they might easily retrace their steps? It is because they are trying to familiarize the people with an understanding of the worthlessness of the fundamental law of the land when it interferes with national aggrandizement. Because it is essential to the full fruition of their purposes that no written constitution shall stand in their path in their determination to transform the political institutions of their country until they have become identical in form and substance to those of the other imperial systems under which men are held in civil bondage, as we are now holding the Filipinos and the Porto Ricans.

Imperialism is truly the paramount issue of the hour. No man who believes in the perpetuation of our written constitution in all the vigor and significance designed by their framers will, the Globe believes, hesitate three years hence in turning out of power root and branch the dangerous aggregation who thus prostitute the free institutions of the United States.

THE SHIP SUBSIDY BILL.

Popular Opinion Is Strongly Against the Nefarious Republican Measure.

In the recent action of the Illinois State Grange, renewing that body's opposition to the passage of the ship-subsidy bill, there is found continued proof of the fact that public sentiment is unalterably against the measure in question and that strong pressure will again be brought to bear in Washington to defeat the new bill, says the St. Louis Republic.

The basis of this unchanging opposition to the ship-subsidy bill was correctly stated in that sentence of the resolution adopted by the Illinois State Grange which declared that the defeat of the bill was sought because the grange believed "it to be unwise and unjust and special legislation, designed to favor a few moneyed corporations at the expense of the general public."

All the special pleading possible to the republican group backing the ship-subsidy bill will not remove from the popular mind this just conviction that the measure is a syndicate measure, placing a tax of many millions upon the people in order that the shipping corporations which inspired the proposed legislation may be further enriched by subsidy. This truth was made so plain in the Fifty-sixth congress that the people are not likely to forget the teaching.

The present outlook, however, is that the ship-subsidy bill will be enacted into law. The republican party is virtually pledged to the passage of the bill. President Roosevelt has, with more or less directness, indorsed the measure in his message to congress. The spectacle likely to be presented in Washington at an early date is that of the passage of the ship-subsidy bill in the face of a popular opposition which, under proper conditions, should make defeat certain.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

——As between Senators Hanna and Foraker in the Ohio fight, what reason has President Roosevelt to favor Hanna?—St. Louis Republic.

——The United States may produce a millionaire some day who will be philanthropic enough to sell his trust products at home for the same prices charged to the foreign consumer.—Detroit Free Press.

——Reciprocity, the handmaiden of protection, as high-tariff republicans now delight to term that vague and evasive policy, will doubtless be found to have earned the title beyond all dispute before the Fifty-fifth congress shall have reached the day of final adjournment. What still remains to be seen, however, is whether the general public will be fooled into believing that such a handmaiden serves any but monopoly interests.—St. Louis Republic.

THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS.

Corporate Interests Are of First Importance with Republican Legislators.

The defenders of our present tariff system, from the president down, need not think that they can satisfy the popular demand for tariff revision simply by shutting their eyes and ears to its existence. There is many a man who believes in reasonable protection who is entirely unable to see why the United States Steel corporation should have any discrimination in its favor and at the expense of the people of the United States. President Roosevelt is a student of our history, and he knows that the original theory of protection was that it should be given to infant industries, and continued only as long as those industries continued to be infants. It was admitted by all that protection should be withdrawn just as soon as the industries to which it had been given were able to get along without it. The people, too, understand this. Therefore, says the independent Indianapolis News, when it is said that there shall be no modification of the tariff, and that the reciprocity treaties should not be ratified, and when Mr. Roosevelt merely recommends that those treaties be "considered," the people are wondering on what theory it is that the steel trust, the sugar trust, the tinplate trust, and other tremendous aggregations of capital are to be allowed to continue to tax them exorbitantly for the sake of adding to profits that are already enormous.

The situation is indeed serious, and it may become critical for the republican party. The gentlemen of the ways and means committee may refuse to grant relief to the people, and the president and congress may sustain them, but theirs is not the last word. All over the country, and among republicans as well as democrats, the people are growing restive under existing conditions. There is not a western congressman who does not know this. We all know in this section that the tinplate and steel industries are not "infants." To suggest that they are, and to urge protection on that or any other ground, is only to arouse contemptuous indignation on the part of the people. The warning is as plain as can be. But there are no indications that it will be regarded. On the contrary, the republican leaders, instead of moving to modify or to repeal these needless, and so unjust taxes, are striving to secure the imposition of others for the benefit of the great shipping combine.

There is nothing that the democrats would like so well as to have the tariff laws left alone and the ship subsidy grab go through. So great is their eagerness to have the republicans fall into these blunders that there is reason to fear that they may not do their full duty as the opposition party in congress. Indeed, the question is getting far beyond one of mere taxation. It will soon be, if it is not now, one of whether this country is to be ruled by the people or by the trusts and corporations. We hear much of "influence" in the present congress. The subsidy bill is said to be supported by powerful influence, the isthmian canal is threatened by other influences, fair treatment of Cuba depends on the result of the fight between two great influences and the relation of our statesmen to them, and so on. One wonders where the people come in.

REFORM ONLY DELAYED.

The Growing Demand for Tariff Reduction Will Sooner or Later Prevail.

Those republicans that have been advocating tariff reform, either through revision or reciprocity, with a good deal of earnestness are not delighted with the situation in the tariff field as they find it. They are convinced, apparently, that free trade, or anything like it, is quite as obnoxious to those who shape republican policies as it ever was, and that there is going to be no abandonment of the protective policy yet awhile. It has become clear that any abatement of tariff taxation through revision or reciprocity can be had only by sacrificing the protected interests, and none of these interests is willing to be sacrificed. Each of the beneficiaries of the protective policy is entirely willing that any or all of the others should make a sacrificial offering of themselves, but he wants none of it on his plate, thank you, says the Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

This is, of course, generally speaking. There are a few individual cases of men who are prepared to forego the protection on their industries for the sake of the wider markets such sacrifice would bring them, but a large majority of the representatives of those industries refuse to see the matter in the same light. Mr. A. B. Farquhar, of Troy, Pa., a manufacturer of agricultural implements, long ago took advanced ground on the tariff question, and he is there yet, but his views have not won sufficiently wide acceptance to make them impressive.

There is, of course, no doubt that the tariff will be reformed sooner or later. The demand for reform is growing, and it will yet be too strong to be resisted. The movement toward freer trade is checked somewhat, especially in republicanism, by professed apprehension that tariff changes will disturb our present prosperity. This argument falls readily from the lips of those who have always insisted, for political purposes, that the tariff law of 1893 brought on the panic. Republican prosperity is sensitive and timid, and it is easy to frighten it away. But the time is coming, and soon, at that, when this and other arguments against the abandonment of robber protection will not serve. The national democracy, united on this question, will be able to make it uncomfortably hot for the advocates of pickpocket tariffs.

——Trusts have no more right to have their own sweet will because they can summon a multitude of dollars, than feudal chiefs had a right to lord it over others because they had a large number of retainers at their backs.—Indianapolis News.